
A NEW
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

[Price Bound Two Shillings.]

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A NEW
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY:

O R,
BAGATELLES

For the Amusement of
The FAIR SEX.

To which are added,
A Collection of Conundrums,
with their Solutions.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *E. Duncomb*, in *Buckingham*
Lane, Newgate-Street.

M.DCC.L.



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T O

The FAIR SEX.

LADIES,

'TIS just as natural for
me to present you with
this small, but innocent amuse-
ment, as it is for the needle in
the mariner's compass to turn
to its beloved pole: this, in-
deed, is subject to many irre-
a gularities

ii DEDICATION.

gularities and variations, which cannot be accounted for, but I am constant to you as the sun, who never fails to execute his daily office, and to bless the world with his genial rays. I have never miss'd an opportunity of appearing as the strenuous advocate of your lex, and the chastiser of your foes. I am sorry you have so weak and inconsiderable a champion; but I know the candour and humanity of your breasts so well, as to rest satisfy'd that you will accept of the will for the deed.

You

DEDICATION. *ili*

You may be easily sensible that I have no other view in the publication of this work, than your entertainment and improvement ; since, though authors who have dedicated their works to particular persons, have been sometimes richly rewarded for their labours, or their flattery ; yet we never read in any records, ancient or modern, that any authors have been recompenc'd for their dedications to large communities, and much less to vast and opulent nations. This is one proof of my regard for you,
and

iv DEDICATION.

and I wish I had it in my power to give you ten thousand infinitely more signal.

As to the work itself, I shall not erect myself a judge of its merit; but may venture to say thus much, that it is absolutely consistent with decency, virtue and good-manners.

If I have rallied the prevailing custom of telling fortunes in tea-cups, 'tis not with design to explode the practice, when intended only to create mirth, and to entertain the company;

DEDICATION. v

company ; but, where-ever that becomes a serious affair, 'tis certainly culpable, impious and absurd.

In a word, ladies, if what I here offer you was the joint production of all the greatest geniusses that have appear'd since Adam, it should not bear the names of kings and conquerors, but adorn the shrine of the **BRITISH FAIR**, to testify to future ages, that virtue and beauty were once the natives of our happy island, and the irresistible charmers of the man ; who, for certain im-

a 3 portant

vi DEDICATION.

portant reasons, chuses to subscribe himself in no other character, than that of

The EDITOR.

P R E F A C E.

IF we find from experience, that all the comforts of life are heighten'd by conversation and company ; generally so it is equally certain, that they receive a superior and additional pleasure from those friendly and amiable interviews in which the mind unbends itself, opens its inmost recesses, displays its genuine sentiments without

ii P R E F A C E.

without disguise, and either frankly listens to the thoughts of others, or chearfully communicates its own, concerning every subject that is decent and innocent.

This additional relish to the other enjoyments of life is nowhere to be found so perfect, and free from the views of interest, the stings of rancor, or the pangs of revenge, as at the **TEA-TABLE**; for if the merchant transacts business with his brother-merchant, the sweets of the conversation are lost, and as it were swallow'd

P R E F A C E. ñi

low'd up in the diffidence they have of each other, the dread they have of being over-reach'd, and the gloomy imaginations of losing some of that fortune, the encrease of which is their daily care. Hence arises the unmanly habit of dissimulation, of keeping ourselves upon the reserve, and lying in wait to take advantage of the slips and weaknesses of each other.

But at the social and grief-removing Tea-Table, all selfish views are lost, all restraint is laid aside, all ceremony discarded,

carded, all the company is entitled to the same freedom, and all glad to bless and be bless'd, in the mutual reception and diffusion of happiness and pleasure.

I am not ignorant that some have represented the Tea-Table as the theatre of obloquy, the nurse of detraction, and (as it were) the inexhaustible fund of slander and defamation: but I would have those morose enemies to the most innocent social pleasures, reflect, that if it ever was so, it is not so now. The rising
BRITISH

PREFACE.



BRITISH FAIR have sense equal to their beauty; and, gladly listening to the dictates of an Addison and a Steele, have learn'd, that calumny is a crime; and to speak ill of one's neighbour, is to break through all the laws of politeness and decorum.

How many venerable persons owe the tranquility and serenity of mind, which they have taught themselves by degrees, by being made in love with the virtue of patience, which those authors have recommended

vi PREFACE.

commended to them? How many large families ought to praise them for the gentleness of that temper, which reigns over all their houses; and for the sweet ease and quiet enjoy'd by those, who are happily subject to pay an agreeable obedience to such worthy superiors? They have mark'd out the rocks, the shelves, and the syrens, which those, who are just setting out in the morning of life, must expect to meet with in the voyage; and have put them into the pleasant road of true wisdom and virtue,

P R E F A C E. vii

virtue, the end and reward
whereof is happiness.

How pleasant a sight is it
to behold parents and their
children, brothers and sisters,
friends, relations and strangers,
mix round the Tea-Table ;
and, whenever they err against
the rules of decency, blush as
soon as they are put in mind
of it : at length recovering,
with modesty pay a veneration
to the maxims prescrib'd in the
Spectators, Tatlers and Guar-
dians, and acknowledge their
dictates to be the dictates of
wisdom? Who has not seen
b these

viii P R E F A C E.

these works produc'd in wise families, quoted in witty assemblies upon all the occasions before-mention'd, and allow'd by them as so many domestic and social laws, which ought to guide them in all the moral actions of life, and by which they ought to be govern'd in every part of oeconomy.

To second the noble labours of these authors, and to testify my respect to the Fair Sex, is the design of this small collection of poems I now usher into the world ; wherein our author has carefully endeavour'd to
introduce

P R E F A C E. ix

introduce no indecent images, which may be call'd the starts and sallies of luxuriant fancy, and proceed from nothing but a lust of wit. What I here offer you, have, besides their novelty, many innocent charms, which render them agreeable and entertaining.

Here you will meet with all the softness of love, without the indecency of it ; and no part betrays a thought or wish beyond what the purest maid may read without a blush, and entertain with safety----Where the follies and vices of mankind

x P R E F A C E.

kind are inveighed against, you will find our poet a true satirist. Here his style is pleasant, sportive, and full of raillery. He only seems to play with those inadvertencies which he handles; and expresses himself with smartness against the errors of men, without bitterness to their persons --- In the epigram you will observe harmony, simplicity, polite language, and an agreement of all its parts; and, to add to their beauty, a lively unexpected turn in the conclusion, which causes an agreeable surprize in the reader.----

The

P R E F A C E. xi

The odes, or songs, are smooth and sweet. The delicacy of their words, sooths our passions; and the beauty of their numbers, delights our souls.

But, ladies, I would not have it thought that I am endeavouring to talk these poems into credit, meerly because I like them, and have a taste for them myself; for, if I did not believe they would certainly procure reputation for themselves, I would never have presum'd to offer them to the public under your patronage. I had, indeed, a mind to venture

b 3

ture into the world these my observations upon them; by which means, when I come to understand whether you and the **MANY** censure or approve my notions, I shall reap the delight and benefit of finding my own judgment either confirm'd, or else set right and improv'd. If they should have the good fortune to please, they cannot fail of encouragement; if otherways, the **EDITOR** claims no more than that indulgence, which is due to an honest and upright intention.

T H E

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A NEW
TEA-TABLE
MISCELLANY.

THE
TEA-TABLE ORACLE :
OR,
Modern Fortune-Teller.

A POLLO, silenc'd long ago,
No more events presumes to know ;
No more the Delphic altars smoke,
Or Pythian dames the god invoke.*

B A race
* *Me puer Hebraeus, divos, Deus ipse, gu-
bernans,
Cedere sede jubet, tristemque redire sub
orcum ;
Aris ergo, dehinc, nostris, abscedito, Caesar.*

14 *A new Table Miscellany.*

A race of Sibyls more refin'd,
Here captivate the female mind ;
In doubts and mysteries profound,
Deliver oracles around ;
Or instant joy, or grief dispense,
And every passion influence ;
A smile can from Prudera force,
And cause Flirtilla deep remorse ;
Make that, her gravity give o'er ;
This, laugh, and sing, and prate no more.

To these they numerous altars rear,
At which they morn and noon appear,
To ask what their success will prove,
At play, in business, or in love.

See fumes from yonder vases rise,
To purify the votaries :
The mystic water handed round,
Question on question they propound :
Flammella reddens, Flavia sighs,
Nigretta seems to wipe her eyes !
Stella an equal visage wears,
Unmov'd at all she sees and hears ;

Titteria

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 15

Titteria laughs, to shew her wit,
While Flora falls into a fit ;
And all, in less than half an hour,
Feel the effects of pagan pow'r.

The atoms now precipitate,
To tell the dark decrees of fate,
Paint in the bottom of a dish,
A man, a monkey, fowl, or fish ;
Or any thing that fancy coins,
To aid, or to pervert designs.

Let's view the pictures here express'd,
Which transports raise in every breast.
Ye christian priests ! forbear to rail ;
Learn hence, that custom will prevail ;
That things inanimate can shew,
What your divinity ne'er knew ;
See vegetables, void of sense,
Foretell the will of Providence !

Sibylla takes the offer'd cup ;
Pauses—at length, with eyes lift up,
She sighing says, “ What's this I see ?
“ Oh Heav'ns ! a Herse ! whose can it
“ be ? ”

Flavia

16 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Flavia replies, " My mother's ill,
" Because she thinks I'll marry Will :
" But I'm in hopes she'll soon recover ;
" I wou'd not lose her for a lover."

Another comes, she prys into't,
All fix their eyes upon her, mute.
" Hah ! here's a ring, the bridegroom
by !
" Whose cup is this ?" " 'Tis Stell's,"
they cry :
" Then she'll be marry'd soon, I'm
" sure."
They wish her joy—and look demure.

The third a various scene imparts ;
Here's gold and diamonds, lovers, hearts :
Take Time by th' forelock, miss ! before
ye
Stands Fortune, deck'd in all her glory !

But see ! the tables turn again ;
Farewel to Pleasure—enter Pain !
From tender matrons sorrows flow !
Here's all the messengers of woe !

A fatal

A fatal train!—the owl I see!
And raven croaking on a tree!
A letter too! just seal'd with black!
And mourning cloaks stuff'd in a sack!
“Don't cry, my dear, 'tis but a brother;
“Come, instantly toss off another;
“The next, perhaps, may ease your
“pain:
“'Tis often sunshine after rain.”

Flora the sage's voice obeys,
And checks her grief a hundred ways;
Then sips, as if no care was known,
And, trembling, turns the vessel down.
When drain'd, Sibylla looks it o'er,
And now finds blessings left in store;
A stately house—a husband fair—
A pad—a chariot and a pair—
Money—and all that heart can wish,
Jumbled together in a dish.

My patience tir'd, I turn away,
But more enquirers bid me stay:
Stay—such important themes occur,
As common sense and reason slur:

B ;

The

18 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

The wanton widow rolls her eye,
And burns to hear her destiny,
Places her cup just in the centre,
In hopes to find a second venture :
In it, two turtles strait appear,
And promise consummation near.
She's gone—when, lo ! Panthea comes,
Looks cloudy, stretches, yawns and hums ;
Convinc'd, by melancholy proof,
Wou'd freely shake the fetters off.
No ring, no turtle, here is found ;
The myrtle shows my lord is found.

'Tis strange ! what Heav'n forbids to
know
Shou'd elevate and sink them so ;
And, what was for a bliss design'd,
Shou'd prove the curse of womankind.

CLOE's

CLOE'S POWER.

In COWLEY's stile.

'TIS not Cloe's piercing eye,
Or her smiling,
So beguiling,
Or her shape for which I die ;
No single charm could dang'rous prove ;
No single grace my passion move ;
Had not nature,
In each feature,
Fixt a shaft of mightiest love,
Deep, deep, to wound the heart of Jove.

'Tis not Cloe's matchless wit,
Tho' Cloe still
Has wit at will,
Makes me thus myself forget ;
Her sense could not distract mine so,
Her prudence make me mine forego,
Had not heaven
To her given
All the accomplishments of art,
Ten thousand ways to wound the heart.

An

AN EXCUSE for LOVE

FOR want of something else to do,
Thro' fear of doing worse,
If worse can be, I Cloe sue,
And haunt her with a verse.

In vain would Rome my passions move
With imag'ry of wood ;
When an idolater I prove,
I'll kneel to flesh and blood.

Yes ; suppliant at Cloe's shrine,
To her I'll dart my pray'r :
And, Cloe's charms are so divine,
Who would not worship there ?

Let cynics rail at womankind ;
Let stoics disapprove ;
The happy, by experience, find
Philosophy in love.

Earth's

Earth's beauteous frame the soul inspires
With gratitude to flow ;
And heav'n's best pleas'd when man ad-
mires
His choicest work below.

While smiling nature's ev'ry grace
Eludes our fondest care ;
To see them all view Cloe's face,
For all are center'd there.

AN EPIGRAM.

Wrote on a window, with a diamond.

FAIR Cloe will not, sure, this gem
despise,
Because it does not sparkle like her eyes.
You say 'tis faulty, yet the fault's in you :
None, but your eyes, its brightness could
outdo.

Your

22 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Your eyes and diamonds, in effect the
same,

These fix your image, those impress your
name.

Oh! could my heart, like glass, transpa-
rent be,

You then would know the wounds those
make in me.

A N S W E R ' D.

By C L O E.

DOES Strephon wish his heart was
glass?

You, Strephon, something more must do;

Add quicksilver, that when I pass,

I may behold myself in you:

Then I, perhaps, may pleasure take

To look at you, for my own sake.

An

AN EPIGRAM.

LYDIA once was pretty,
And in her bloom thought witty,
Shot hearts like fierce Banditti,
Thro' ev'ry town and city ;
Where-e'er she aim'd she hit ye,
And when she found she'd smit ye,
Thro' heart and soul she'd split ye,
Without remorse or pity.

But, ah ! the doleful ditty,
Stern Cupid cries, " I'll fit ye ;"
And Lydia, once so pretty,
Is now nor fair nor witty,
Nor if she aims can hit ye,
Thro' heart and soul to split ye,
Giv'n o'er by town and city,
She looks like hang'd Banditti,
Without remorse or pity.

To

To CLOE, refusing to
hear me.

FOR once, fair Cloe, tho' I fear,
Yet I your laws must break ;
And when you say you dare not hear,
That bids me dare to speak.

Yet should I strive to hide my woe,
The fault were still the same ;
The passion from my eyes would flow,
Declaring Strephon's flame.

My down-cast looks, my folded arms,
My bosom swell'd with sighs,
Too well declare that by your charms
Unhappy Strephon dies.

When love's last refuge, hope, is gone,
The wretched may complain ;
Then let me, like the dying swan,
Assume a plaintive strain.

What

What tho' my lays untuneful roll,
Or wound thy softer ear ;
Well do they suit my tortur'd soul,
And well my pains declare.

Can love be hid ? the lambent flame
Breaks thro' the shades of night ;
Where-e'er it shines it spreads the same,
And may on Cloe light.

Who see, must love ; who love, must
fear,
Unless your smiles forgive ;
Then be not, fair one, too severe,
But bid me wish to live.

In vain you bid me not reveal
The torments I endure !
Such torments may you never feel,
Or seek in me a cure.

C

An

An EPIGRAM.

POW'R, Wisdom, and Beauty stark
 naked were seen,
 Ah! would to kind Jove I the shepherd
 had been ;
 Had I been the shepherd, in that
 shepherd's place,
 Like him I'd have nicely examin'd the
 case ;
 Like him, taken notice of all that was
 said,
 And done each mad thing that came into
 my head :
 Then having quite glutted my eyes with
 the sight,
 Like him have decreed, since 'tis plain
 he was right :
 For pow'r in females may soon be
 brought under,
 Their wisdom's pretence, but their beauty
 a wonder.

An

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN Paris the apple to Venus
declar'd,
She gave him another man's wife for
reward ;
And that was a joy—but what joy had he
known,
If Venus had gave him a wife of his
own ?

ANOTHER.

WHEN Paris the apple to Venus
declar'd,
She sent him a mistress—but if he had
dar'd
To give it another, I'll venture my life,
To punish his fault, she'd have sent him
a wife.

An

AN EPIGRAM.

WHEN Paris the apple to Venus
declar'd,
She gave him his choice of a mistress or
wife ;
And a mistress he chose—for he wisely
preferr'd
A moment of joy to a troublesome life.

THE
BEAUTIES of the MIND.

CLarissa's deck'd with ev'ry pleasing
grace,
With all the softness of a lovely face ;
Faultless in shape, or perfect to a fault ;
Such Venus is—or such is Venus thought :
Embellish'd with all charms meer nature
gives,
A nymph more tun'd to rapture no-
where lives :

Yet

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 29

Yet tho' adorn'd by heav'n's peculiar
care,

Clarissa is as ignorant as fair ;
Therefore is all her pride of beauty lost,
And scarce a single conquest can she
boast.

She makes new victories, but none main-
tains ;

Whom her eyes captivate, her tongue
unchains ;

And, while mankind are by her
charms o'ercome,

She, like the great dictator of old
Rome,

Is forc'd to yield to treachery at home.

And this, or is, or ought to be a rule,
To shun th' engaging lisp of the affected
fool.

To her, enamor'd, I a visit paid ;
I paid a short one—and, deep sighing,
said,

C ;

" Teach

35 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

- " Teach me, Minerva, to avoid her
 " charms,
" And give, Oh ! give me wisdom to
 " my arms :
" Happy, thrice happy, in the blest
 " exchange,
" I'll never from her much-lov'd bosom
 " range.
" Esteem well-grounded well may love
 " create ;
" But love, without esteem, will turn to
 " hate :
" For sprightly wit enlivens, when
 " employ'd ;
" But love, on beauty founded, soon
 " is cloy'd,
" And only violent while unenjoy'd." }

While thus I pray'd the goddess heard
 my pray'r,
And show'd me Cloe, to relieve my
 care :
I saw—and in a moment was her prize,
Struck by the living light'ning of her
 eyes :

But

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 31

But when she spoke, my soul in raptures
hung,

And dy'd upon the music of her tongue :

" Goddess, I cry'd, thus doubly you

" subdue,

" With manly sense, and female softness

" too ;

" Cloc is all gay fancy can require ;

" Her charms can raise, her wit support

" desire :

" And yet, I fear, thy gifts will dan-

" g'rous prove,

" By waking envy in the soul of Jove ;

" And where Jove envies, it is death

" to love."

AN EPIGRAM.

AH! grant me, fair one, all I crave,
Divided favours are too small ;

Tho' you are all I wish to have,

I fondly wish to have you all.

My

32 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

My want of merit you may blame,
Your cold indifference to subdue :
The highest merit that I claim,
Believe me, is my love for you.

D I A L O G U E.

CELIA and DAMON.

C E L I A.

SEE, see, my dear Damon, behold
with surprize,
How beauteous the fields ! how serene
are the skies !
Bright Phœbus, in splendor, has just now
arose,
And courting the scent of the sweet
damask rose,
He summons to pleasure, all nature
obeys,
And wantonly sing the return of his
rays ;

While

A new Tea Table Miscellany. 33

While he the sweet dew does exhale
with delight,
And keeps it to revel with Thetis at
night.

D A M O N.

In vain does bright Phœbus his influence
dispense ;
A true lover, fair one, has only one
sense :
The smell of the rose, nor the lilly so
white,
Can comfort his senses, or pleasure his
sight :
The rose that he smells, and the dew
that he sips,
Can only be found on his charmer's dear
lips ;
Tho' flow'rs, to sight, sweet pleasure
impart,
But th' joys of a lover are fixt in the
heart.

T H E

T H E
CONFIDENT LOVER.

COME, come, my dear Cloe, and
make no delay,
The sunshine of youth is the time to
make hay ;
Look round, and behold how the spar-
row and dove
Improve ev'ry moment, and offer to
love.

While busy at feed with the songsters
they bred,
A farther enjoyment still runs in their
head ;
No warbler that wings it, but joyful
wou'd hear,
That Valentine's-Day thou'd continue
the year.

Then

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 35

Then hence with dull forms, and make
haste to be kind,

Since love, uncontroul'd, is the right of
mankind :

Still, still are you coy, and still deaf to
my strain ?

Can you taste 'of pleasure and not pity
pain ?

Not yet a kind word, to relieve my
despair !

Then shew me your eyes, and I'll read
my fate there——

I see your desires too strong to con-
fine,

And those honest twinklers declare your
heart mine.

PHILLIS,

PHILLIS'S COMPLAINT.

YE warblers, while Strephon I
moan,

To cheer me your harmony bring ;
Unless, since my charmer is gone,
You cease like poor Phillis to sing.

And, hark ! the sweet grove is quite
hush ;

Their grief in their silence appears ;
No songster will peep from the bush,
They're all so dismay'd with my
tears.

Each flow'r declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw ;
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead,
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

An innocent lamb is my dear,
As sweet as all flow'rs combin'd ;
His smiles like the summer can cheer ;
Ah ! why was he made so unkind !

Unkind

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be ;
To Celia and Cloe makes love,
And only is cruel to me !

A

LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

THE leer, the fondle, and the smile,
Each pleasing trick, each artful
wile ;

The joke, the gibe, the laugh, the toy,
The kiss, that bids us hope for joy ;
These, nor ten thousand such as these,
Which faithless Cloe acts, shall please ;
With which she heightens mortals
pains,

And with love's poison swells their veins:
All, all, with Cloe now no more ;
Me, to myself, ye pow'rs, restore.
Of mind and body, health return ;
With honour let my bosom burn:

D

Let

38 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Let continence subdue desire,
And modesty put out love's fire ;
Let passion now no force retain,
But awful reason hold the rein :
Each god, with pow'r to ease my smart,
Remove this gangrene from my heart.

The leer, the fondle, and the smile,
Each pleasing trick, each artful wile ;
The joke, the gibe, the laugh, the toy,
The kiss, that bids us hope for joy ;
Impotent all assault me now ;
All vain, for heav'n has heard my vow.
Let those soft arms no more enfold ;
Do not with streaming eyes behold ;
Nor with such eager clasp detain,
Whom all your arts can ne'er regain.
Lay thy warm lips no more on mine,
Or on my breast thy head recline ;
No more thy vain endeavours try,
To warm me into extacy :
Bootless shall be thy every art,
To captivate again my heart :
Nor think thy truth I can believe ;
Me you shall never more deceive ;

Your

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 39

Your tender dalliance cannot move ;
Perhaps I pity, but I will not love.

Behold that sorrow-swelling look ;
That sigh, how much repentance spoke.
Ah ! see those struggling breasts arise,
Ne'er seen, unmov'd, by mortal eyes.
Her up-lift hand, her bended knee,
Her strongly-pleading silence, see :
Her fault, if any fault deplor'd,
And suing to her tyrant-lord.
Can I behold all this unmov'd ?
Be judges, who have ever lov'd !
You all declare, whoever can,
Must be, or less, or more than man.
The pitying gods in Lethe steep
Those vows, which mortals cannot keep ;
And, when we view the prostrate fair,
Our vows of hatred turn to air.
Whate'er opposes, strengthens love,
And reason does its weakness prove :
When those Effluvia of the brain
Fly off, we fall to love again.

Rise,

Rise, Cloe, to these op'ning arms ;
 I must, I will possess thy charms ;
 Will gratify my aking sense,
 Regardless of the consequence ;
 Within thy hoard of sweets will lie,
 And taste Elysium e'er I die.
 Profusely happy must he be,
 Who sails the tide of life with thee ;
 And, careless what the fates perform,
 Fears only from thy frowns, a storm ;
 Glides gently on, supremely blest,
 And in thy harbour seeks for rest ;
 Finds refuge in thy port from care,
 And happily drops anchor there.

What extasy can equal his,
 Who shares, with thee, each social bliss ?
 With thee, soft moments to beguile,
 And hear thee talk, and see thee smile ;
 With ed'rous flow'rs thy Alps bedeck,
 And twist the ringlets of thy neck,
 And taste the fragrance of thy breath ?
 I'll buy it—tho' the price be death.

Me

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 41

Me to my Cloe, gods, restore ;
Be health of ev'ry kind no more :
Love solely in my breast shall burn,
Fantastic honour ne'er return ;
Contenance vanquish'd by desire,
And blushing modesty retire ;
Warm passion shall my soul subdue,
Cold reason shall have nought to do :
Each god, with pow'r to raise my love,
Give me, my ardour to improve.

The leer, the fondle, and the smile,
Each pleasing trick, each artful wile,
The joke, the gibe, the laugh, the toy,
The kiss, that bids us hope for joy ;
All, all, in Cloe, will I prove,
To sink me in the depths of love :
For this, employ my utmost skill ;
And languish, to sink deeper still.
Such boundless rapture she can give,
It is scarce possible to live ;
Yet, while with her entranc'd I lie,
It is impossible to die.

R E S O L U T I O N
A N D
R E P E N T A N C E.

IN vain the bright sun of my love
The beams of desire impart ;
What flame can her coldness remove,
Or thaw the hard ice in her heart ?
In vain is each passion-taught snare
That love's gentle art can invent ;
Such absolute sway has the fair,
Her frown still eludes my intent.

Begone, ye confusions that rise,
And stagger each thought of my
mind ;
I'll baffle the force of her eyes,
And force her at once to be kind.
Thus boldly I'll humble her pride,
Then send her to wander forlorn,
To wish she had sooner comply'd,
And curse the effect of her scorn.

But can I a transport expect,
When force has imbi.ter'd the sweet?
For those whom kind love does direct,
In mutual desire shou'd meet.
An action so brutal wou'd chace
The fire of her eyes quite away ;
The roses wou'd die on her face,
And ev'ry sweet beauty decay.

Oh! no : let me ages repine,
And give to each moment a sigh,
Ere blemish a nymph so divine,
Or cloud with a sorrow her eye.
The pleasure by violence gain'd,
No real contentment imparts ;
They vanish, ere scarcely obtain'd,
For love is the union of hearts.

C L O E.

C L O E.

A S O N G.

WHEN charming Cloe speaks,
Her voice like some soft wind,
Its pleasing influence makes,
On love-sick Strephon's mind.

The dance, if Cloe join,
Love ruling ev'ry part,
Throws from her hand divine,
And from her foot, a dart.

But, gods! if Cloe sings,
The smiling graces throng;
And Cupid drops his wings,
To tremble on her tongue.

Ye pow'rs, who rule the will,
Ah! pity Strephon's woe:
Ye taught her how to kill;
Now teach her love to know.

AN EPIGRAM.

FALSE hair, false teeth, and one
false eye,

A plaister'd face, a neck awry ;
Rags for false breasts, false hips of steel,
Some falshoods which I won't reveal ;
False, padded stays, hoop nine yards
wide,

The falshoods underneath to hide :
Such Phillis is—yet trust me, Phil,
Thus false, is a true woman still.

ANOTHER.

THraso requests his friend to find,
A Salvo for his fear ;
To let the challenge be declin'd,
Yet keep his honour clear.

Cloe

Cloe does all her hopes destroy,
 Her lover to deny ;
 And, to be cruel, shuns the joy,
 Which her soul longs to try.

Now tell me, friend, and be sincere,
 What does our conduct guide ?
 And, on life's ocean while we steer,
 Why beat against the tide ?

AN EPIGRAM.

CLO ask'd me one day to tell her a
 lie ;
 I vow'd she was handsome, what had I
 to fear ?
 Civility urg'd me to make a reply,
 Tho' Cloe seem'd angry her praises to
 hear :
 Yet, sure, 'tis no reason her anger to
 raise,
 When falshood conspires her beauty to
 praise.

AN EPIGRAM.

ÆNEAS to Venus with ardour thus
pray'd,

"O mother, O goddess, descend to my
"aid."

The goddess descended, and thus he
went on,

"Queen Dido detains me, I want to be
"gone ;

"Yet a foolish affection so plays with
"my heart,

"Tho' I want to be gone, I am loth to
"depart."

"Dear son, says the goddess, let love
"never teize you,

"I'll instantly find out a method to ease
"you.

"Would you flight her, and leave her?
" 'tis plain, you must bed her ;

"But if you'd quite hate her, 'tis plain,
"you must wed her."

To

48 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

To slight her, he thought might serve
well enough ;
So ev'n bedded her once, and went off
in a huff.

AN EPIGRAM.

IF a maid's sense in penetration lies,
The greatest fool may make a maiden
wise :
And, 'tis as true, if we invert the rule,
A maid may make the wisest man a fool.

ANOTHER.

ARachnes' snares catch none but flies;
So fops are taken by surprize ;
The prudent still secure their hearts,
Nor fear coquetry's cobweb arts :
In vain she spreads them round the
room,
Reason attends to break the loom.

An

AN EPIGRAM.

IF beauty be fancy,
I fancy your beauty;
Then prithee, dear Nancy,
Accept of my duty.

My duty, dear Nancy,
Accepts of thy beauty;
Then e'en let thy fancy
Accept of my duty.

Accept of my duty,
And then, my dear Nancy,
The slaves of thy beauty
Will laugh at thy fancy.

A N O T H E R.

THE gay coquet, tho' innocent,
By levity, suspicion draws;
While cautious prudes are still content
Censure to 'scape, yet give the cause:
E That

50 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

That bears the blame, without the joy;
This shares the joy, without the blame:
Can it a moment's space employ,
For any fair her choice to name?

On F A N C Y.

YES, fancy is the only test,
Whence things their value find;
And that's undoubtedly the best,
Which most allures the mind.

Nor features, nor complexion,
Nor tincture we admire;
What then awakes affection,
And prompts us to desire?

Some variance sure must be
In th' organs of our eyes;
Whence ev'ry object that we see
Must variously rise.

Brunett

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 51

Brunetta does my soul employ ;
Albina pleases you :
Canidia is 'Thirsis' joy ;
One loves Nigrilla too.

Tho' my Brunetta has no charms,
Or none which you can see ;
While I find pleasure in her arms,
Her beauty lives in me.

Proportion you, perhaps, will say,
And symmetry prevails ;
But the experience of a day,
Will shew this maxim fails.

Is there a man whom Celsa fires,
Majestically tall ?
Another Mima much admires,
So neat, compact, and small ?

Each thinks her dear one delicate ;
Sees order in his frame :
What can the difference create ?
Are opposites the same ?

Com-

Complexion is, I grant, the pride
Of nymphs in Europe born ;
But Indians the pale look deride,
And unripe beauty scorn.

The sun thus shines on all alike,
In an abstracted light :
But rays refracted colours strike,
And form the modes of sight.

Beauty, consider'd thus, will show
This maxim past dispute ;
Identity it cannot know,
Is fancy's substitute.

AN EPIGRAM

MY distemper is gone ;
I'm cur'd of my gout—
“ I thought so, says John,
“ For I saw her go out.”

O N

W I T and S E N S E.

CLOE, your friend Pythagoras, 'tis
said,
(Far more in Greek than Bently you are
read)

Intent to form and cultivate the mind,
Septennial silence prudently enjoin'd :
Wisdom he taught, which oft in silence
lies ;

For fools, conceal'd, are negatively wise ;
And trust me, Cloe, if in ev'ry school,
We moderns should preserve his an-
cient rule,

In our wise days—'twould shelter
many a fool :

And many a fool, who this Arcanum
tries,

May, without wisdom, be reputed wise.—

E 3

I see

54 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

I see you smile, I read it in your eye,
Whatever rules we give, we should
apply.

I own your censure, yet I must pursue;
Who can be silent, that may talk to
you ?

Yet some there are of penetration
deep,

Who seven year's dumbness at St. ****
keep ;

Fold up their arms in gloomy discontent,
And seem to bear the load of govern-
ment ;

While nods, and shrugs, and winks,
and whispers rise ;

In Aye and No their elocution lies ;
And furrow'd brows declare them,
gods ! how wise ?

But, of the two, those give the most
offence,

Who will against themselves turn evi-
dence ;

Will

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 55

Will prove, what you perhaps suspected
long,

Will labour to convince you—they are
wrong :

Who never think, or always think aloud,
Spurning the weight of the unactive
croud ;

Whose streams, tho' shallow, greater
depth would know,

And greater force, but that so wide
they flow ;

Despising order, reason, " and all that,"
On trifles they incessantly debate ;

An everlasting gleet upon their tongue,
Alike in all things—and in all things
wrong.

Sooner might you than hope for such to
cease,

Hope in Cheapside at noon to rest in
peace ;

Hope

56 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Hope the mechanic will forbear to
cheat ;

Hope **** sincere ; much sooner
hope to meet

Truth in the **** ; or virtue in the
****.

Words, void of wit, they pour forth
without end,

Praise where they mean not, spoil
what they commend,

And rail at all they cannot comprehend.

Grant me, ye gracious pow'rs ! if such
your will

To check my pride, that I must suffer
still,

With any fools—with silent fools to keep ;

'Tis worse t' endure the headach, than
to sleep.

Here Cloe interpos'd a smile agen ;
Maliciously she smil'd, and cry'd,
" Amen."—

Yet, yet a little, Cloe, spare your
friend ;

I vow within an hour to make an end :

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 57

If you'll have patience something more
I'll do—

I'll end it with a compliment to you.—

While some held wise, are dullest of
mankind ;

Others, call'd wits, are babblers uncon-
fin'd :

For wit, if wisdom be not always nigh,
Is a disorder'd pulse, that beats too high :
Yet sense, where wit does not its pow'rs
improve,

Is so lethargic it scarce seems to move :
Both blessings flow from great Minerva's
gift,

And one she gave to Pope, and both to
Swift.—

Nay, Cloe, now I swear your down-
right rude,

What I have left to say's extremely
good.—

Thrice envied fair one, who the mean
can hit,

With judgment to restrain your rapid
wit :

At

58 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

At once be very wise and very gay,
Say what you think, still thinking what
you say :

With so much sense, as seems from
thought to fall ;

With so much wit, you need not think
at all :

So regular each movement from your
breast,

Admiring both, we know not which is
best.

'Tis pity you should have such beauty
too ;

What Cloris wants, is thrown away on
you.

AN EPIGRAM.

From the Greek.

Bless'd is the man who may but Cloe
see ;

Who hears her speak, how doubly
blest'd is he !

Who

Who steals a kiss, a demi-god at least !
He who has more—must more than Jove
be blest'd.

CLOE'S MODESTY.

Prostrate at Cloe's feet one day,
For Cloe's wond'rous pretty,
Half dead with love poor Strephon lay,
And told this silly ditty :

" When by my griefs I chance to die,
" Which fortune will be soon mine,
" Ah! Cloe, will you never lie,
" And think of me by moonshine.

" Then, Cloe, from th' Elysian coast,
" I'll stand upright before you,
" A dismal, sighing, sobbing ghost,
" And after death adore you.

" When

60 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

" When softest wishes fill your head,
" I'll enter at your casement,
" Undraw the curtains of your bed,
" And kill you with amazement."

Tir'd with this dull, insipid tale,
Lest he three hours should teize her;
She cry'd, " Lud ! Strephon, what d'y
" ail ?

" Speak chaster, if you please, Sir.

" Shall I permit a naked sprite
" To enter, where I'm lying ?
" I vow you've put me in a fright—
" Pray talk no more of dying."

AN EPIGRAM.

YOU, Cloe, all mankind must own,
Reverse Medusa's arts ;
She turn'd the gazers into stone,
You soften stoney hearts.

To a FRIEND, who dissuaded him from LOVE.

IN vain, dear friend, you bid me rove,
And fly the cruel fair :

Alas! you know not that my love
Takes comfort from despair.

Tho' Cloe's frowns my love upbraid,
'Tis joy to see her still :
'Tis joy to hear the charming maid,
Altho' her accents kill.

Then sigh no more, dear friend, for me,
Nor cheat me into rest :
Completely wretched will I be,
Or be completely blest'd.

Chac'd from its lov'd abode by death,
The spirit shrinks away ;
Yet seeks again to give it breath,
And hovers round the clay.

F

No

62 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

No longer then of me complain ;
For, should your will controul,
Say, how should I my life sustain ?
For Cloe is my soul.

For her life prunes its tender wing ;
To her myself I owe :
From her alone my actions spring,
And all my passions flow.

TO C L O E.

CLOE, what tongue can speak thy
praise ?
What bard describe thee ? with what
lays ?
Thou gentlest object of desire,
Whom women envy, men admire ;
Fairest of creation's mold,
Awfully beauteous to behold ;

Resistless

Resistless charmer of the heart,
We feel thy soul-subduing art,
And deep imbibe the pleasing smart. }
Thy looks, thy words, thy actions prove
Thee worthy of the tend'rest love :
To thee, tho' Venus yields her face,
Thy beauty is thy smallest grace :
Thy sprighdier wit, and stronger sense,
Exceed Minerva's eloquence :
With these, thy chastity is such,
Diana dares not boast so much.

" O Discord, goddess great on earth,
" To fierce dispute again give birth ;
" Make deities once more contend ;
" Make them from heav'n once more
" descend :

" Let each with emulation boast,
" That she resembles Cloe most ;
" And hear me, goddess, while I pray,
" Make me the Paris for the day :"

Then having carefully survey'd
The goddesses, and naked maid,
Like him, for Venus I'll decide,
And ask thee, Cloe, for my bride :

Not

64 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Not Helen would sufficient prove,
To glut my avarice in love:
To make me happy, I must be
Bless'd with superior charms in thee.
Thy lovelier form had Phæbus view'd,
When fear-wing'd Daphne he pursu'd,
No more for her the god had burn'd,
But all on thee his passion turn'd:
Yet thou, like Daphne, o'er the plain
Light-bounding, nor the moving strain
Regarding, hadst with equal pace
Fled trembling, from a god's embrace:
And if a god thy virgin breast,
Could not of all its pride divest;
If he, who ev'ry bosom warms,
Might vainly languish for thy charms,
What mortal can such merit claim,
To raise in thee an equal flame?

Yet Venus, in th' Idalian grove,
Submitted to a mortal's love;
Who, circled in immortal arms,
Profusely wander'd o'er her charms.

“ And

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 65

" And thou, bright goddess, if thou
 " hear,
" And smile, and grant thy vot'ry's
 " pray'r,
" In Ida, or Spring-Garden grove,
" Or any place attun'd to love ;
" I shall be happier far than he,
" As thou art fairer far than she."

AN EPIGRAM.

YOUR shoe is a neat one, dear
 friend, I declare it—

Yet you'd know where it pinches, if you
 were to wear it.

F 3

CLOE'S

CLOE'S GARTER.

FULL five times wrapp'd around
her knee,
And tuck'd, till it in safety be ;
If he out-lives it, happy he
Who Cloe's garter lives to see,
And lives to take it off beside.

Full five times wrapp'd around my
heart,
So safely, it can never start,
Is Cloe's form ; nor force, nor art,
Can cause th' idea to depart,
Or can the Gordian-knot divide.

Should Cupid shelter there from view,
Which Cupid would, but dares not do,
And should unbind the ribband too,
Oh ! think what numbers would pursue,
And think how great the victor's pride.

AN EPIGRAM.

THAT love is a child, by all is confess'd,

The baby and booby both squall for a breast ;

Both cry for a plaything, yet when it is try'd,

Both soon become weary, and throw it aside.

Then wonder not lovers so childish should prove,

Since a child's the beginning and ending of love.

CLOE'S WISH

WOULD gods descend, as antient Poets feign,

And when I wish'd, to crown those wishes deign ;

Where

68 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Where only would they tend? To
grandeur? No:

From thence unnumber'd evils always
flow.

Pride and ambition, insolence and hate,
Are the companions of the wretched
great.

Should I for beauty ask? That too
were vain;

Which, by decreasing, would encrease
my pain.

Far humbler pray'rs shall modest vir-
tue send,

And let ambitious fools for state contend:
Ambition only would contend for state,
And only fools so wretched, to be great,

As the four seasons of the year go
round,

Assign to each, ye pow'rs, one hundred
pound;

A small

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 69

A small neat house, just thirty miles from
town,

Just big enough to hold true friends
alone ;

With walks and gardens naturally made,
Nor let art banish what she still should
aid.

Let satisfaction be my greatest feast,
And a true welcome wait on ev'ry guest.
Attendants I would have no more than
three ;

More on each other wait, and not on me.
Twelve social neighbours, chearful and
sincere,

Thrice would I visit in the circling year.
Of intimates I seek at most but three,
By turns, one welcome to reside with
me,

If witty, and from affectation free. }
Such dear companions if my fortune gave,
I'd have no husband, for I'd be no slave ;
But once convince the world a woman
can

Be bless'd, without that lord-like crea-
ture, man.

Domestic

70 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Domestic prudence should my morn employ,

At setting sun amusements to enjoy ;

Would read, ride, walk, sometimes at
cards would play ;

Happily wife, and innocently gay.

The summer ended, me my choice re-
flects,

Where art, with elegance, her riches
pours ;

There genteel dress should give inven-
tion birth,

Dispelling winter gloom by bright'ning
mirth.

Fancy should gratify each just desire ;

I'd see two operas, yet not expire.

When better actors rise I'd go to plays,

But ne'er to masqu'rades my fancy raise

Too proud with ***** to resort,

Too wise to peek my intruding face at

*****.

What

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 71

What crouds from ***** to *****
run?

What numbers by lewd masking are
undone?

Five months run o'er in vanity and
noise,

Thence would I fly to taste the truer
joys

Which ever - pleasing contemplation
brings,

When in soft beauty new-born Flora
springs.

In a calm life, thus happy in retreat,
My ileeping envy ne'er shall haunt the
great:

My mind no more with anxious cares be
press'd,

Nor a young monarch's bride be so su-
preremely bless'd.

REASONS

REASONS for PARTING

STREPH and Clo part! You know
The reason I require?

“ His fire her fewel gave;

“ Her fewel choak'd his fire.”

Ye gods! how soon might you
Revive the dying flame?

Make Cloe still be new,

Or Strephon still the same.

Tho' strange, you'll often see't,
How soon affection ends;

Those who as lovers meet,

Scarce ever part as friends.

Perhaps you may reply,

“ If friends, they would not part:”

Yet friendship is no tie,

To bind a lover's heart.

Esteem can't gratify,
Where rapture is desir'd ;
Nor friendship satisfy,
Where extasy's requir'd.

Yet, sure, when lovers part,
The nymph's in fault alone ;
Would she secure his heart ?
She should defend her own.

Her own she can't defend,
But yields it up to love ;
Nor should she more pretend,
Another's to reprove.

While ign'rance laid him low,
And prostrate at her shrine,
Why did she let him know,
She was not all divine ?

The love-sick swain is blind,
But while the nymph denies ;
For, when the nymph is kind,
The swain has Argus' eyes.

G

He

74 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

He wakes, as from a dream ;
Awakes, with diff'rent thoughts ;
Faults once did beauties seem,
Now beauties seem like faults.

Love is a mazy dance,
Where this is all the art,
Salute, join hands, advance ;
Turn back, cast off, and part.

Love's music courtship is,
By which the fair is won ;
But if the music cease,
The dance of love is done.

His stock of arrows spent,
He can no longer stay ;
But, with his bow unbent,
The urchin lies away.

In vain, the tender maid
Pursues him with a tear ;
In vain, implores his aid ;
He cannot, will not hear.

Paris forsook his fair ;
Phaon from Sappho flew :
Know this, and Strephon spare,
If he leaves Cloe too.

AN EPIGRAM.

THE fair, the wise, the witty, and
the young,

Sink in the soft captivity of love ;

Then all who yield not to a pow'r so
strong,

Nor fair, nor young, nor wise, nor
witty prove.

If love be folly, this must be the rule,

The greatest folly's—not to be a fool.

The

The H U S B A N D.

Written by Mr. C R O S S.

LUCIA was charming, young, and
gay,

But Lucia's love cou'd save my life!
I stole her youthful heart away,
And bound her to my breast a wife.

In love and joy was spent the night,
That gave my Lucia to my arms;
In ev'ry kiss I sipp'd delight,
And ev'ry minute found fresh charms.

When passion's force began decline,
Lucia, methought, was not so fair;
Her face, I found was—not divine,
Tho' something, still, was pretty there.

Her skin was spotless, white and pure,
Had nature's malice quite escap'd;
Yet, notwithstanding — I was sure
I'd seen a hundred better shap'd.

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 77

In morning tire her charms I prais'd ;
Loose Venus in her mein express'd !
But now my taste was sunk—or rais'd,
I lik'd her better richly dress'd.

Her words were poignant as her eyes,
Gentle and tender as her touch ;
And yet—tho' her discourse was wise,
I thought, she rather talk'd too much.

O how I doated on her dear discourse,
That could my senses pris'ners take :
I listen now, indeed—but—'tis by force,
And, really, makes my head to ach.

O how I long'd for silent night,
So eager was I and so fond—
But now it seems a forc'd delight,
Or dun for payment of my bond.

G ;

“ Strephon,

78 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

" Strephon, my dear," wou'd Lucia
cry,

And throw her arms, in hopes to
please —

" My head aches, child ;" turning,
cry'd I ;

Pray let me sleep it into ease.

" Come, let me hold it hard, my
" love ;

" To cure it, let me take some
" course ; " —

" Oh, child, 'twill kill me if I move ;

" And, if you touch it, 'twill be
" worse."

At length, fatigu'd with licenc'd joy,
And the caresses of a wife ;

Those regular delights soon cloy,

While waining passion turn'd to strife

The idle Cupids all grew tame,

And coolly left me by degrees ;

Forgot to stir the wanton flame,

And, drowsy, sunk in careless ease.

Tho'

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 79

Tho' inclination daily fell,
I had remaining hopes of life ;
I could, methought, do wond'rous well,
With any partner, but my wife.

Of this was born a wish to range,
My wife's misfortunes to compleat ;
The object I resolv'd to change,
And so revive the dying heat.

This resolution I pursu'd,
And eager sought the wanton fair :
My spirits she awhile renew'd,
And banish'd dull, domestic care.

Of ev'ry pleasing art possess'd,
That can the soul in transport keep ;
She kiss'd, endear'd, grew coy, car-
ress'd,
Then kindly lull'd the god asleep.

" Such charms, I cry'd, we must obey ;
" They claim an empire o'er the
" heart :
" Nor blame me, Lucia, when I say,
" You have not half my Suky's art.

" Your

80 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

" Your modest blush but warms the
" will ;

" Your transports but by order move;

" But Suky fires me with her skill,

" And shews the boundless rage of
" love.

" When did you roll the wanton eye?

" Or heave the breast with azure
" vein ?

" Or when in swooning pleasure die?

" And then by pleasure rise again !"

But, oh ! vain thought ! a week scarce
past,

New wishes came, and rais'd fresh
strife ;

Those burning raptures cou'd not last,

And Suky too was but a WIFE.

FOOLISH

FOOLISH COYNESS.

BEHOLD the fond Damon's despair ;
Let pity attend to his moans ;
And all for a whimsical fair,
Whose folly her passion disowns.

In spite of the flame in her breast,
Her vanity must be supply'd ;
And Damon must forfeit his rest,
To tickle the wanton maid's pride.

Not so, when with judgment, the maid,
Does reason's clear dictates obey :
If once the soft god does invade,
She, joyful, submits to his sway.

Tho' sparkling the virgin's bright eye,
Like Phœbus warm pleasures impart ;
Such quick-fading charms I defy,
If folly is lodg'd in the heart.

Preserve,

82 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Preserve, O ye gods ! from my sight,
All beauties that make the fair vain :
Come, Fanny, whose sense can delight ;
And, smiling, with wit entertain.

If she tells you a virgin's sad tale,
How melting she moves with her
sighs !
Her words o'er a brute might prevail,
And pity extort from his eyes.

If haply she chance to be gay,
Her wit is the joy of the guest ;
Time passes in transport away,
And, smiling, each face owns the jest.

O ! grant me a muse soft and sweet,
Her virtues with art to rehearse ;
And while my fond lays I repeat,
May Fanny approve of my verse.

The

THE SYMPATHY.

FAIR Cloc, gay smiling one day,
In frolicksome, whimsical way,
Cried, " Strephon, I pray now reveal,
" The pains, and the torments you feel;
" And, knowing how much you endure,
" I may, perhaps, offer a cure."

Poor Strephon, all obedience, sigh'd,
And to the fair one, thus reply'd ;
" It is scarce possible to show,
" What only those who feel can know ;
" Yet none there are who can reveal,
" More truly, what true lovers feel.

" To buy the pains which we endure,
" A monarch's pleasure is too poor ;
" To think on the too lovely fair,
" Is all our joy, and all our care :
" Tho' various charms around us rise,
" No other charm attracts our eyes :
" To her lov'd form our senses stray,
" While other objects glide away ;
" Or,

84 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

" Or, if unknowingly we rove,
" Thro' all the mazes of the grove,
" Indulging and increasing care,
" Lost to ourselves, we find her there;
" Fancy presents her to the mind,
" And only fancy paints her kind :
" Yet, to increase the growing flame,
" The wounded bark must bear her
 " name ;
" Or, stealing by the murm'ring stream,
" For solitude is joy supreme
" To those who love, and love like me,
" We see the fair, in all we see ;
" And, lest we should forget the same,
" Fond echo still repeats her name.
" The fair we tremble to espy,
" Yet wish no other object nigh ;
" When seated nigh the lovely fair,
" The lover may his pains declare,
" And softly breathe his ardent vow,
" He tastes of bliss, as I do now."

Here Strephon had hung down his
 head ;
When Cloe thus, sportively, said;
 " To

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 85

" 'Tis an evil spreads like a flame ;
" Ah! Strephon, I yield to the same."
In extacy Strephon appear'd,
Till Cloe cry'd, " 'Tis what I fear'd ;
" Yes, Strephon, I feel it is true,
" For Corydon, tho' not for you :
" For Corydon doubly I feel
" The passion you strive to reveal :
" And since you so well can explain,
" Love's various torture and pain,
" That I may not too burthensome prove,
" He shall teach me the pleasures of
" love."

AN EPIGRAM.

A Reason why we love
Is out of season,
Unless we first can prove
That love has reason.

H

An

AN EPIGRAM.

YOU say I'm false and fickle. No.
I love another. True.
I only love another, Clo,
As she resembles you.

CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

AS fair Aminta walk'd in yonder grove,
Lamenting fickle Damon's faithless
love,
The winds, in whispers, seem'd to sooth
her grief,
And feather'd songsters strove to give
relief.
But all their fond attempts were vain,
So fixt, so rooted was the pain ;
She chid their fruitless, kind intent,
While thus her sorrows found a vent:

A I R.

A I R.

- " Keep back, O ye rains, your kind
 " showers forbear,
" Each drop that you save I'll supply
 " with a tear ;
" Be silent, ye winds, and keep in your
 " loud cries,
" Your office, alas ! I can do with my
 " sighs :
" And, Oh ! ye sweet musical train of
 " the grove,
" If aught you wou'd do to lament my
 " lost love,
" Be still as the grave, nor attempt at a
 " strain,
" But drooping in silence—O hear me
 " complain.
" When Collin first vow'd, how he
 " pin'd with desire !
" Too soon my heart melted before the
 " fond fire :

" And

88 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

" And what cou'd a maiden, unpractis'd
" in art,

" Oppose to a lover who first seiz'd her
" heart?

" I affected disdain—cry'd, fly—strait
" away:

" My heart it still whisper'd—O pray
" let him stay:

" He still press'd me more—'till I found,
" with surprize,

" My soul was reveal'd by those traitor
" my eyes."

R E C I T A T I V E.

Here paus'd the maid—and strait de-
clin'd her head,

While crimson blushes o'er her visage
spread. —

A jocund, artful swain,

Who heard the maid complain,

Thus spoke his freer sense of love:

A I R.

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 89

A I R.

- " The fair one I love,
" Inconstant does prove,
" But her falshood my heart don't la-
" ment :
" The loss of one fair,
" A lover may bear,
" While so many are wantonly bent.
" When mutual the blifs,
" What joy in each kiss !
" But when pleasures in either decay,
" Let each, to their mind,
" To another prove kind,
" And the dictates of fancy obey.
" Then let us each moment with plea-
" sure improve,
" And laugh at the whining and folly of
" love."

H 3

To

To CLOE, in a grave
humour.

WHAT a prude o' th' sudden? pr'y-
thee, girl, why so coy?

Your beauty, untouch'd, does your
beauty destroy:

What tho' you have charms? here's a
noise and a rout!

If they're not to be us'd, 'twere as well
be without.

As the happy oft-times the unhappy re-
lieve,

And while others they ease, to them-
selves ease they give:

So, in spite of your pride, say all that
you can,

Your greatest of joys is to give joy to
man:

No more of these whimsies, good-nature
to smother,

Nor punish yourself thus—to torture
another.

AN EPIGRAM.

WHAT sense and wit are,
'Tis hard to declare,
For he must have both that can do it ;
Which, if I could do,
What profit to you ?
'Twould be ten to one that you knew it.

CLOE'S FAULTS.

ME, Cloe, you so totally subdue,
If in your conduct any faults I
knew,
It would be long ere I those faults could
view,
Which, when constrain'd to find my
love for you,
Would make me love your very errors
too :
Thus lovers should not, but thus lovers
do.

AN EPIGRAM.

YOU, Strephon, had a sumptuous
treat,
The gods must envy you I swear;
To whom 'twas giv'n carps tongues to
eat,
And kiss the tip of Cloe's ear.

ADVICE against PRIDE.

TO CLOE.

CLOE, 'tis past dispute that you
Are fair, and wise, and witty too;
Yet let not pride thy breast inflame;
Know, from the gods these graces came.
To prove your great humility,
What they gave you, do you give me.

An

AN EPIGRAM.

A Farmer, who travers'd his ground in
the morning,
From his hedge saw a damsel purloin-
ing some sticks ;
He bid her begone, and gave her due
warning,
He'd ravish her, next time she play'd
him such tricks.

She ventur'd again ; as what damsel but
wou'd ?

And the man acted just as he promis'd
to act :

He was try'd and acquitted, but there
while he stood,
The bench gave him this reprimand
for the fact.

“ My

" My friend, you're discharg'd by a
 " merciful jury,
 " And home to your dwelling in
 " safety may trudge :
" But should you thus venture again, I
 " assure you,
 " You'll have ne'er a stick left in
 " your hedge," quo' the judge.

AN EPIGRAM.

CLOE's a jilt ; which, ah ! too soon
 I know !

Yet Cloe's not in fault, her sex is so.
Were Cloe not what all her sex is
 thought,
Her sex would think her faultlessness a
 fault.

THE

T H E
PROGRESS of LOVE.

WHEN Strephon first saw Cloc's
charms,
He sigh'd, and wish'd her in his arms :
Something invited much his eyes ;
Something so pure, so simply wise,
So calm, so easy, and so free,
Mixt with enliven'd modesty.

He look'd, he wonder'd, and with-
drew,

But wish'd another interview :

Again he ventur'd to behold——

Poor mortals ever are too bold !

So long on ev'ry charm he gaz'd,

Till what but sparkled, warily blaz'd ;

What pleas'd before was awful now,

And terrors hover'd o'er her brow ;

Each piercing eye grew brighter far,

Irradiate as the morning star.

Each

96 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Each feature shone with more than light;
The whole insufferably bright.

The seat of beauty, once a face,
Was turn'd into a throne of grace:

Prostrate he fell, as at a shrine,
For what was mortal grew divine.

"Hail! goddess," he approach'd once
more,

Not now to court her, but adore:

And "Bless me, goddess," oft he
cry'd,

All arts of soft persuasion try'd,
And sigh'd, and su'd, till she comply'd

Her lips, sure Venus ne'er had such,
Vouchsaf'd to bear a human touch;
She prov'd so merciful, so good,
She yielded to be flesh and blood;
And rather than by thirst to kill,
Consented he should drink his fill;
While he, the moments to improve,
Resolv'd to take large draughts of love;
And who, that boasts an equal flame,
Would not rejoice to do the same?

What

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 91

What swain, to gratitude inclin'd,
Would not have serv'd a nymph so
kind ?

Yes ; ev'ry swain, in Strephon's case,
So kind a nymph would sure embrace :
And, surely, would like Strephon do,
When tir'd with loving, leave her too :
For when our joys no more remain,
Tis hard the bliss of bliss to feign :
No soft desires or extacies,
No soul-enkindling raptures rise,
At any time, the poets say,
Knowing at any time we may.
Still some resistance we require,
Some obstacle to fan the fire ;
For gratitude can ne'er improve,
The dying embers of our love.

View Cloe now with Damon's eyes,
See ev'ry charm, by gazing, flies ;
The less'ning lustres glide away,
And beauty sickens to decay.
He to a goddess paid his vow——
The goddess is a mortal now.——
" Oh ! what a falling off was there !"
No more she seems divinely fair :

I

No

98 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

No more she charms—no longer he
The nymph does with impatience see:
Once “Ma belle ange,” at ev’ry word;
Now “Assez bien” can scarce afford.

Tell me, Strephon, whence do arise
These alterations? in your eyes,
Or Cloe’s? Neither: but desire
No longer prompts me to admire—
I soon the feast of love declin’d,
As you do dainties when you’ve din’d.

AN EPIGRAM.

“I’LL die a maid, I vow,” says
modest Jane:
“You may, says Sly, when you are
“born again.”

SONG

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. MOZEE N, in The Merchant of Venice, in the character of Jessica.

AND can you unkindly reprove,
The follies my flame did pursue ?
And blame the excess of my love ;
A love first inspir'd by you ?

When love you first talk'd, heav'n
knows,
Most vainly you all did rehearse ;
Till what you began in your prose,
You finish'd and fix'd with your
verse.

And if my affections are led,
To doat more than's usual for wife ;
Then blame your own arts, that first
bred,
And gave those fond wishes a life.

Your

Your voice did my senses ensnare ;
Attention each thought did controul :
But strains that were meant for my ear,
Mistook and went quite to my soul.

An EPIGRAM.

IN love-affairs, believe me, friend,
the fault
Is not to do the thing, but to be caught;
For to be caught, proves that you did
the thing ;
The thing's no fault, where we no
proof can bring.
Suppress all evidence in law and love ;
The proof's the fault, or else no fault
we prove.

The

The HOUSE on the HILL.

A BALLAD.

Tune of, There liv'd long ago, &c.

This ballad was wrote by a gentleman,
on a house he had upon Wandsworth-
Hill, in Surry.

Complaining to Fortune, on whom I
rely'd,

For pleasures she promis'd — the god-
dess reply'd,

"I promis'd you pleasures, my word

"I'll fulfil;

"Go live, and be bless'd, at the house

"on the hill."

What poets can fancy, or sages can
write,

The joys of Elysium are there all in
sight;

Each

102 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Each valley and mead, and pure bubb'ling
rill
Are all in the eye, from the house on
the hill.

In a coach rides the king, in a barge
goes the mayor,
And the ladies in chaises each day take
the air ;
All these we can see, and from their
pleasures still
Proceed the sweet joys of the house on
the hill.

Nor horses, nor coach, does my body
e'er know,
My legs can support me wherever I
go ;
And when I of walking have taken my
fill,
I lie down and rest at the house on the
hill.

Tho'

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 103

Tho' grandeurs in prospect do mount to
the skies,

They touch not my heart, for they reach
but my eyes ;

And all their gay buildings and gar-
dens, do still

Conduce to the joys of the house on the
hill.

Altho' on my board you no dainties can
see,

Good stomach and health make 'em
dainty to me ;

I want not a bolus, a draught, nor a
pill ;

The doctor we slight, at the house on
the hill.

No foreign conserves, nor no spirits I
waste ;

My garden is suited exact to my
taste :

Nor

104 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Nor terrace, nor platform are here —
but my will
Is suffic'd with a view from the house on
the hill.

No servants attend in my garden or
hall,
Myself am my cook and my gard'ner
and all :
No bailiff is here, nor no dun with a
bill ;
Content is my friend, at the house on the
hill.

Tho' Fortune shou'd frown, and tho'
troubles encrease,
Their arrows are vain, while the mind
is at peace ;
In vain is their malice, they never can
kill
The mirth that still reigns at the house
on the hill.

With

A new Tea Table Miscellany. 103

With prattle does Fanny each moment
improve,
And adds, by her wit, to the power of
love ;
My warmest embraces she never takes
ill,
But compleats the delights of the house
on the hill.

The soldier of honour and slaughter may
boast ;
The statesman of wisdom ; the spark of
his toast :
My wish it is humble, pray, gods, it
fulfil,
And grant me for ever the house on the
hill.

On

On a Farmer's Daughter.

LET wanton bards a nymph implore,
Which they in fancy'd colours
dress :

A real goddess I adore,
For Betty, sure, is nothing less !
When Betty roasts or boils the meat,
She does it with such charming skill,
With more than common gout I eat,
And never think I have my fill.

When Betty hands the wine around,
Her eyes to nectar change the grape;
Its power does the heart confound,
And lets the weaker head escape :
Her words as soft as Zephyr's blow,
And must with all mankind prevail :
Her breasts as white as puddings snow ;
She smiles as sweet as bottled ale.

When

When e'er my passion I repeat,
Or try her lovely form t' embrace,
She does with rage my transports meet,
And hurls the dish-clout in my face :
No longer, Betty, frown and fight,
Nor to your swain a kiss deny ;
But let me safely sip delight,
And lay th' up-lifted patin by.

The Gardener's Complaint to
his Friend.

THO' gardens, in blossom, afford you
delight,
And warblers, in summer, are charm-
ing to hear ;
What flower, alas ! can indulge my dull
sight ?
Or songster's delight, while I sigh for
my dear ?

When

108 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

When turtles are cooing at rising of
day,
Or the linnæ, sweet warbler, wings
thro' the grove ;
Just so I and Cloe together did play,
Oh ! such is the voice of the charmer
I love !

Her cheek in the rose-bud, methinks, I
behold ;
Erect as the pine-tree my Cloe does
stand :
And when the fair lillies their whiteness
unfold,
I long to be kissing of Cloe's dear
hand.

But since she is absent, my vines all im-
pare ;
My flow'rs unwater'd, my spade lies
reclin'd :
To sow, nor to reap, is no longer my
care ;
I only plant sorrows to torture my
mind.

ODE

ODE on the AUTHOR's
Birth - Day.

A I R.

TO hallow my birth-day, and roar
out my praise,

I will hire no songster, I hate such
an elf;

But to my own merit, my voice I will
raise,

And kindly indulge, and speak well of
myself.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Let Richard's health go briskly
round,

And every care in wine be drown'd.

K

A I R.

A I R.

Dear Dick, here's your health,
 Wishing pleasure and wealth;
 From my heart I'm your friend — you
 well know it;
 May you ne'er undertake,
 A base act for gold's sake,
 And when money you get, pray, bestow
 it.

If you're poor ne'er repine,
 Nor in rags think of wine,
 Nor to what is above you aspire;
 Nor cast down, nor elate,
 Freely yield to your fate,
 And all will your virtues admire.

C H O R U S.

Sam lov'd Will, I am told,
 For the sake of his gold;
 But there is no such end,
 Between me and my friend,

We

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 111

We are so closely by nature com-
bin'd,
In every affair we're both of a mind.

R E C I T A T I V E.

And thus my bosom friend and I,
Will live as one until we die.

A I R.

With a bottle myself and poor Dick can
regale,

And if I like wine, he ne'er wishes for
ale ;

But does with my fancy so chearful
agree,

I never will wish for companion but
he :

As we smoak in one pipe, so in one bed
we lie,

Together we laugh, and together we
cry ;

If I am for lending, he ne'er hides his
pelf,

In short, he in ev'ry respect is myself.

The

The Universal Prompter.

AN EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. Woffington, at the
theatre royal in Drury - Lane, at
Mr. Cross's benefit.

GAllants, to-night, our prompter we
produce,
A place-man of antiquity and use ;
For in old Greece, as some of you well
know,
A prompter liv'd three thousand years
ago ;
Whose master raging louder than be-
came him,
He touch'd his whistle, and could strait
reclaim him.
A lucky thought, which still in marry'd
houses
Might be of use, perhaps, to angry
spouses ;

For

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 113

For when our doves with curtain lectures meet us,

Tune but the pitch-pipe — 'tis a sure quietus.

Consider next his office, and 'tis certain,

He sees if things stand right behind the curtain.

Heroes distress'd for his kind aid apply,

And heroines by his direction die.

His is the carpet grief — the kerchief woe ;

By him blunt weapons clash, and guiltless trumpets blow.

His magic pow'r bids Harlequin advance,

And gods descend to sing, and devils rise to dance.

Pope, in one line his great employment tells ;

" A word-catcher, that lives on syllables."

114 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

And on life's stage, philosophers agree,
Nature, a busy prompter, we may see :
Ambition prompts the statesman to be
great,

While prompting avarice does the
miser cheat :

The classick youth, who for a sage
might pass,

If fashion prompts him, strait becomes
an ass :

In Fribble's voice, the coxcomb aims to
squeak,

Minces his English, and forgets his
Greek ;

Or, Puff-like, swaggers in short skirted
cloaths,

With his long weapon and prodigious
oaths :

Last, the fond maid, tho' conscious she
must rue it,

By inclination prompted, yields to do
it.

Since

Since then, in this equivocal you
see,
Not one, but the whole world's epitomy,
Accept his labours, to his faults be
blind,
And let good-nature prompt you to be
kind.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

TO you, ye master spirits of the pit,
Ye modish bloods, and d—me boys
of wit ;
To you, whose claps or hisses, smiles
or frown,
Have right to save, or damn—and call
yourselves The Town :
You, whom in fits of courage nothing
awes,
Nor frightened ladies, nor the vulgar
laws ;

Who,

116 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Who, when your frolick-wit loud war
denounces,

Huzza! down go the candles! smash the
sconces!

Thus valiant, in the sport, you tare up
benches

With thrice the vigour you attack the
wenches.

Tho' fierce in troops, you stand the
danger buff!

When one to one you meet—you're
tame enough.

True! you can cock the hat, and join
the cry!

Lug out the catcal, swear—why
d—me so can I!

Whaaw.

[Blows a catcal.]

O charming sound! how terrible the
wit on't!

And yet so easy, every fool may hit
on't!

What

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 117

What think you, sirs? shall I make one
among you?

I can't believe my sex at all would
wrong you.

What is't I want, to fit me for the post?
For all the woman in my dress is lost:

You see I'm pert and bold, nor apt to
tan;

In short—I've every thing that's fit
for man.

But should, at last, the shame of
wrongs and errors,

Convert your courage to face nobler
terrors;

Should you, by warlike WILLIAM's
sword inflam'd,

Follow his great example, to be fam'd;
Should you in foreign camps delight to
lie,

And train your lusty youth to victory,
Then might the fighting British beauties
burn,

To crown your conquests at your wish'd
return;

Then

118 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Then might their hearts undauntedly
declare,
"None but the truly brave deserve the
"fair."

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at the revival of Double Fals-
hood, at the theatre royal in Covent-
Garden.

A Long-lost orphan we present to-
night,
Rear'd by your smiles when first it saw
the light :
Pleas'd, you espous'd its rev'rend father's
cause,
And crown'd the offspring with a free
applause.

So awful is immortal SHAKE-
SPEAR's name,
Whate'er but wears that stamp must live
in fame —

We

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 119

We cannot mix his bullion so to loss,
But the pure ore refines itself from
dross ;

The slightest grain breaks thro' th' ob-
scuring rust,

Brilliant, tho' small, like diamonds in
their dust. —

Oh ! had he liv'd the gen'rous plan
to fill,

And finish up each part with force and
skill,

The star, that glimmers now with
doubtful light,

Had blaz'd a constellation fierce and
bright !

Merit, like his, most subject to decay,
Is barely lent, and snatch'd in haste
away ;

All excellence is of so fine a mass,
Like spirits too strong, it bursts its brit-
tle glass :

His genius, like the elemental fire,
Scorn'd our gross earth, created to
aspire !

The

The mighty seer too soon our world
 resign'd,
 Flew up, but drop'd no mantle here be-
 hind.
 Th' attempt to copy his transcendent
 strains,
 Is bold presumption paid with loss of
 pains:
 As he, who would a flame in colours
 shew,
 Labours in vain to make the canvas
 glow.

The humble bard, whose happy lot 't
 has been
 To usher this lov'd relick to the scene,
 To touch the portrait, and those lines
 retrieve,
 Which the first pencil did unfinish'd
 leave,
 Has wrought with zeal, without pre-
 tence to praise ;
 All laurels at his master's feet he lays ;

Content,

Content, th' applause, you're pleas'd to
give, should turn
A tribute due alone to SHAKESPEAR's urn.

On the marriage of Mr. John
Lion and Mrs. Martha Lamb.

LION, for thee,
A Lamb shall be,
Which in thy gripe shall fall:
Might I receive,
But what you leave,
I'd be your own Jackcall.

I think, 'tis near
Three thousand year
Since prophecy foretold,
That you, soft Lamb,
Should be the dame
Of lion stout and bold.

L

Lion,

122 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

Lion, draw near,
But still beware
You do not hurt your dame :
Toy, frisk and play,
Both night and day,
But don't you kill your Lamb.

A word or two,
Sweet Lamb, to you,
Have courage, gentle dame :
Oh ! think to thee
What fame 'twill be,
Should you a Lion tame.

The only way,
That I can say,
For victory to try,
Is what you choose,
The marriage noose ;
Then conquer, fair, or die.

And

And if you die,
Then will not I,
Sweet Lamb, desire to live ;
But hope that you,
Will courage shew,
And grant me a reprieve.

PLATONIC LOVE.

A FRAGMENT.

BELieve me, friend, platonic love,
Which prudes and batter'd beaux
approve,

Like superstition, always blind,
Is not to common sense confin'd ;
But is so exquisitely good,
It never can be understood ;
And, of the many who advance
This self-denying ordinance,
Scarce two in twenty comprehend,
The law for which they so contend ;

And,

124 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

And, of the two that are so wise,
'Tis ten to one, not one complies ;
For, chase her from you as you will,
Dame Nature shall be mistress still.

Philosophers of late have been,
Who held themselves a meer machine ;
That nothing by themselves was done ;
Not acting, but still acted on :
As puppets from the prompter squeak,
And from without each motion make.
If you object against their scheme,
That you can eat, walk, sleep and dream,
Can laugh, or sing, or sigh, or groan ;
They hold these actions not your own :
'Tis some occasion made you do't,
And that occasion forc'd you to't.
A school-boy's top like you can sleep,
Like you behold the marble weep.
Have you not heard the wounded oak
Renew its groans at ev'ry stroke ?
You must have seen, from ev'ry vein,
The streams which ev'ry side distain ;
And are not those of equal use,
And equal life, with human juice ?

Thus

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 125

Thus they, object whate'er you will,
Can in dead matter find out still,
A something which may serve as well,
And be exactly parallel ;
Which must to demonstration shew
That we are but dead matter too,
And all the vigour that we boast,
Is *vis inertiae* at most.

You think this doctrine too absurd,
A serious answer to afford :
You tell me I can never find,
A folly of superior kind.

*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*	*	*

I feel my indignation rise,
Whene'er the fool, Priscilla, cries,
" O lud ! the world is so obscene,
" What can the filthy creatures mean !
" Such gross ideas ! so impure !
" 'Tis hard the sexes to endure :

L 3

" Such

126 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

- " Such sad indecency in either,
" I wish, methinks, to be of neither.
" Visiting yesterday, I swear,
" Strephon and Cloe both were there;
" Together as they chanc'd to stand,
" I saw him take her—naked hand:
" Nay more, sure boldness has no check!
" His odious fingers tapp'd her neck.
" To serve me thus, I wish he durst:
" No, no, he should have stabb'd me
 " first:
" Yet Cloe gave him a reprieve,
" And let the brutal monster live.
" The bare remembrance of my fright,
" Makes me, I vow, disorder'd quite:
" I've such a trembling at my knees,
" I scarce can walk; but, if you please,
" We'll sit, my lord, in that alcove,
" And rail at filthy sensual love."

To

To C L O E,

On reading these lines on GAY's
tomb :

*Life is a jest, and all things show it ;
I thought so once, but now I know it.*

IS life a jest ? then life's a fart ;
No matter which way we break
wind :

Yet either case requires some art,
Never to leave a stink behind.

But must this house I value so,
Fall down, and moulder into clay ?
Yes, Cloe ; and, for aught I know,
" Bung Casks, and keep the wind
" away."

To Then Gay has hit it, life's a jest,
A busy, bustling piece of earth ;
And the grand **** is at best,
The juster object of our mirth.

Thee,

Thee, Cloe, let this lecture move ;
Thy former negligence atone :
For your own sake, submit to love ;
And, whilst it lasts, make life your
own.

An EPIGRAM.

To CLOE.

WHILE heavy cares affect my tor-
tur'd breast,
I do not rest for care, nor do I care for
rest ;
Yet could I o'er all cares my conquest
gain,
While Cloe's cruel all my cares remain.

D U E T.

D U E T.

Sung by Mr. LOWE and Mrs. CLIVE,
at the theatre royal in Drury-Lane.

REjoice, all ye Britons, your loyal
strains raise,
And let the world echo brave CUM-
BERLAND's praise :
The hero, whose courage such pleasure
imparts,
And let the loud Pæons express your
glad Hearts.
Forbear, subtle France, your weak ter-
rors to bring,
Since each British heart is a guard to the
KING :
And may tyrants tremble while, blush-
ing, they see
A Monarch so Great, and a People so
Free.

CLOE's

CLOE'S FOOT.

THAT no true wisdom e'er can lie
Below the girdle, we deny,
Tho' H—— has said it, whom we'll prove,
A judge in law, but not in love.

H—— said it, but he would not do't
Had he a sight of Cloe's foot,
He'd soon withdraw his plea, and swear
More elegant expression there;
More law, more learning, than in all
The noisy wranglers of the ***.

To put the matter past dispute,
Think you with Cloe had a suit;
Go thro' all courts, friend, by degrees,
K——'s-B——, E——, C——P——;
In ev'ry court she'd make her way,
The council would have nought to say;
For her the *** would unite;
The **** would think the verdict
right.

For

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 131

For a new trial would you move,
My *** the motion would reprove.

Dip her in C ———, you shall see,
Cloe will sure have a decree ;
The *** will cut all things short,
And sign for Cloe his report.

But you'll appeal ?—you may, indeed,
You may appeal—but won't succeed :
Before the *** if Cloe come,
She'll strike th' ***** dumb ;
He will not find a single case,
Direct in point against her face.
Let M—— labour to excel,
And plead his best, who pleads so well,
Cloe shall only show her foot,
For that will be enough to do't :
Her instep—for I'll not go higher,
Shall set the *** all on fire :
Her instep, see how far 'twould go ;
The *** would declare for Clo :
You, poor appellant, would be hiss'd,
And your appeal with costs dismiss'd.

Experience

For

Experience shall this maxim find,
Beauty can make Astræa blind.

A modern philosophical definition of LOVE.

LOVE is a kind of a non-entity,
Whene'er 'tis enjoy'd it ceases to
be :

In *posse* I grant it a wonderful thing,
But in *esse* a difficult matter to bring :
"Twixt *posse* and *esse* let's leave it yet
sure a ;

If 'tis to be found, 'tis in *rerum natura*.
Its causes are such as all wish to conceal ;

Some find its effects, but scarce any reveal :

Its moral existence is ne'er understood ;
But all men allow it a physical good.

ON CLOE'S PICTURE.

CLOE is never naked seen ;
If e'er seen naked she, I ween,
Has to the painter naked been.
To Bacchus glory, well we know,
Poor Semele her death did owe :
Naked 'tis death to picture Clo.

}
}
}

AN EPIGRAM.

"WHEN first to ravish you the
prisoner try'd,
" Pray did you scream and roar ?"
" No, please you, good my lord, the
woman cry'd,
" The villain lock'd the door."

M

CLOE'S

CLOE's TRUE NAME.

"CLOE's true name, says Frank,
"declare;"

"I thought, says George, you'd
"known,

"That it belongs to ev'ry fair

"Who will the praises own.

"And ev'ry fair that gilds the day,

"Believes my praise her due:"

"Yet sure, says Frank, 'tis pride to

"say,

"They covet praise from you."

A
COLLECTION
OF
CONUNDRUMS,
WITH THEIR
SOLUTIONS.

2011-11-20

2011-11-20

A
COLLECTION
OF
CONUNDRUMS.

1.

WHY is a fortunate man like a
straw in the water?

2.

Why is a baker like a certain great
lawyer?

3.

Why is a man that falls in the kennel
approv'd of?

M 3

4. Why

4.

Why is an organ an enemy to religion ?

5.

Why are sharpers like sparrows ?

6.

Why is a lookinglass very complaisant ?

7.

Why is a news-paper like a lame man ?

8.

Why is a play-bill like a coward ?

9. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 139

9.

Why is a stair-case like a back-biter?

10.

Why is a young woman with child like an old lady of fourscore ?

11.

Why is a Camera Obscura like under-hand dealings ?

12.

Why is a high wind like a dumb man in distress ?

13.

Why is a sand-box like a bishop ?

14. Why

140 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

14.

Why is a bankrupt like a horse ?

15.

Why does a debtor never walk in
foul weather ?

16.

Why is a shoe-maker more charitable
than another man ?

17.

Why is a man who keeps a flatterer
like a beau undress'd ?

18.

Why is a modern fine lady like a lit-
tle boy ?

19. Why

19.

Why is a picture like a fine woman ?

20.

Why is a slaughter-man like the
caves of a house ?

21.

Why is a cunning-man like a shoe-
maker ?

22.

Why is a fiddle-maker like an apo-
thecary ?

23.

Why is a drunken man like skittles ?

24. Why

142 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

24.

Why is a candle like an atheist ?

25.

When is a woman in haste to curl her hair ?

26.

Why is a married woman like a bear in the street ?

27.

Why is a sedan like the world ?

28.

What horse is the heaviest ?

29.

Which is the principal part of a horse ?

30. Why

30.

Why should you not wonder to see a
silver button above ground ?

31.

Why are letters like sheep ?

32.

Why is a corps like a man with a
cold ?

33.

Why is a fidler like a man in amaze ?

34.

Why is there better acting at Bar-
tholomew-Fair than at the theatres ?

35. Why

144 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

35.

Why is a watch-maker like a gard'ner ?

36.

Why is a courtier like soop ?

37.

Why is a good speech like a pent-house ?

38.

Why is a marshing-tub like the hundredth Psalm ?

39.

Why is a thief like a knocker ?

40. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 145

40.

Why is a sword-belt like a cow upon
a common ?

41.

Why is a man just knighted like a
nutmeg ?

42.

Why are lamps like the Thames ?

43.

Why is a pen like a beau ?

44.

Why is the playhouse like a punch-
bowl ?

45.

Why is a cook like a man after a
misfortune ?

N

46. Why

46.

Why is a bedstead like a wine-vault ?

47.

Why is a bible in a gay family like a miser's table ?

48.

Why is a botcher like a horse ?

49.

Why was Cain's murder like the main strength of his leg ?

50.

Why is a smith like a ferry-man ?

51. Why

51.

Why is a garter like the gates of a warehouse ?

52.

Why is the Thames like a pudding ?

53.

Why is a holly-bush like a corps ?

54.

Why is an apron like peas ?

55.

Why is a tradesman, who has let off business, like a house ?

56. Why

56.

Why are park-keepers like free-masons ?

57.

Why is a ship, in a storm, like a nail ?

58.

Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor ?

59.

Why is an easy chair like a crooked man ?

60.

Why is an apple like a good song ?

61. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 149

61.

Why is an honest, virtuous man like a watch ?

62.

Why is an eye-lid like the wadding to a gun ?

63.

Why is a man, who reads here and there a bit of the history of the world, like one going into St. James's Palace ?

64.

Why is a bad gimblet like a prophesier of ill events ?

N 3

65. Why

150 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

65.

Why is a false oath like a trial in the Old-Baily ?

66.

Why is a horse that is constantly rid, though never fed, never starv'd ?

67.

Why is a sleepy servant like a warming-pan ?

68.

Why is a rich farmer like a man with bad teeth ?

69. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 151

69.

Why is a prisoner like an alehouse
pot ?

70.

Why is a coward like a trumpet ?

71.

Why do you think a justice of peace
is look'd upon with contempt ?

72.

Why is an alehouse the best comfort
for a disappointed man ?

73.

When is a man sure to have his own
way ?

74. Why

152 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

74.

Why is a man that treads upon my
toe liable to an action of Trover ?

75.

Why is Laffell's voyage like a kind
brother ?

76.

Why is an honest friend like orange-
chips ?

77.

Why does the beadle never run in
debt ?

78. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 153

78.

Why is an officer in Flanders more diligent than he is in London ?

79.

Why is Mrs. Woffington like eyes ?

80.

Why are perch like fine ladies ?

81.

Why is a map a proper vehicle to carry hay ?

82.

Why is a pocket-book like a 'prentice to a musician ?

83. Why

83.

Why is a smith a dangerous companion ?

84.

Why are coals like poor labouring men ?

85.

Why is a pick-pocket like a bridegroom ?

86.

Why is Orpheus always in bad company ?

87.

Why is a 'prentice like a coach ?

88. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 155

88.

Why is the Craftsman like a man of
fourscore ?

89.

Why is a man in an alehouse like the
prop to a house ?

90.

Why is a bonfire like the queen of
Hungary's army ?

91.

Why is a pelted actor like a felon at
the Old-Baily ?

92.

Why is Harrow the Hill like a good
artist ?

93. Why

156 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

93.

* Why is earthen-ware like the best edition of the Classics ?

94.

Why is Mr. Garrick like an old maid ?

95.

Why is Mr. Pope like an Englishman ?

96.

Why is a fiddle like a man, who gives money to make up a quarrel ?

97.

Why is a good pun like a good cat ?

98. Why

98.

Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher ?

99.

Why is boil'd beef like a taylor ?

100.

Why is a Jew's harp like a good dinner ?

101.

Why is there a bad audience at the playhouse when the pit is full ?

102.

Why is a candle like a tobacconist ?

O

103. Why

158 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

103.

Why is a fortify'd town like a pudding ?

104.

Why is a 'prentice like a concave-glass ?

105.

Which is the politest church in town ?

106.

Why is a beau the reverse of a miser ?

107. Why .

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 159

107.

Why is a young fellow, who is encouraged in vice by another, like the ice upon a twelfth-cake ?

108.

What tradesman should a landlord choose for his house, who does not like to change often his tenants ?

109.

Why does a tallow-chandler live better than another man ?

110.

Why is a playhouse like the climate of England ?

111. Why

160 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

111.

Why is a fidler like an African ?

112.

Why was Paradise like a cucumber ?

113.

Why is paper like a beggar ?

114.

What is that which every man feels,
enjoys, and yet never sees ?

115.

Why are a turkey and chine like a
disorderly house ?

116. Why

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 161

116.

Why is Mrs. Woffington like a deer-stealer ?

117.

What is the best flat thing ?

118.

Why is St. James's Palace like a painter's house ?

119.

Why is a clerk to an attorney like a book ?

SOLUTIONS

SOLUTIONS
TO THE
CONUNDRUMS.

1.

BECAUSE he goes on swim-
mingly.

2,

Because he's master of the Rolls.

3 Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 163

3.

Because he's add-mir'd.

4.

Because it stands against the communion.

5.

Because they feather their nests.

6.

Because it always does as the company does.

7.

Because it generally lies.

8. Because

164 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

8.

Because it is posted.

9.

Because it rails against you.

10.

Because she goes double.

11.

Because it makes men look little.

12.

Because it makes moving signs.

13. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 165

13.

Because it's holy.

14.

Because he goes to rack and manger.

15.

Because they go out only on Sundays.

16.

Because he's ready to give any man a lift.

17.

Because he has a hanger-on.

18. Because

166 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

18.

Because she's fond of hoops and drums.

19.

Because its fram'd to please.

20.

Because he's a gutter.

21.

Because he'll pump you.

22.

Because he'll send you a viol in.

23. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 167

23.

Because he's knock'd down with a
bowl.

24.

Because it's wicked.

25.

When she wants to go out straight.

26.

Because she's ring'd.

27.

Because it is between two poles.

28. A lead

168 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

28.

A lead horse.

29.

The main part.

30.

Because it follows the mole.

31.

Because they are folded.

32.

Because he's in a coffin.

33.

Because he's at a stand.

34. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 169

34.

Because there are more Booths in it.

35.

Because he sets time.

36.

Because he's nothing without salary.

37.

Because it's understood.

38.

Because it is full of slaves.

P

39. Because

39.

Because they are ty'd up to prevent disturbance.

40.

Because it goes round the waste.

41.

Because he's grated.

42.

Because they have lighters.

43.

Because its feather-headed.

44. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 171

44.

Because its best when full.

45.

Because he broils and fries.

46.

Because it has sack in.

47.

Because its seldom fowl'd.

48.

Because he has a stall.

49. Because

172 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

49.

Because it was a sin-new.

50.

Because his business is to work ore.

51.

Because it holds the stock-in.

52.

Because it's often plumb'd.

53.

Because it is or will be berry'd.

54. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 173

54.

Because it is gather'd.

55.

Because his tile is over.

56.

Because they have lodges.

57.

Because it is often drove into Deal.

58.

Because it goes to pot.

59. Because

174 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

59.

Because it is high-back'd.

60.

Because it is encored.

61.

Because he's plain with the men, and
chaste with the ladies.

62.

Because it covers the ball.

63.

Because he often passes a century.

64. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 175

64.

Because it is auger-ill.

65.

Because its perjury.

66.

Because he's never without a bit.

67.

Because he's in bed before his master.

68.

Because he has a great many ackers.

69. Because

176 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

69.

Because it is circumscrib'd.

70.

Because he's often blown before the company.

71.

Because I see every Day the worst of scoundrels set before him.

72.

Because there he'll be sure to carry his point.

73.

When he makes his will.

74. Because

A new Tea Table Miscellany. 177

74.

Because he hurts your corn.

75.

Because it is a good relation.

76.

Because he's candid.

77.

Because he lives within * compass.

78.

Because he's in-tent.

79. Because

* The Round-house.

178 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

79.

Because she runs in people's heads.

80.

Because they are often taken with maggots.

81.

Because it is a cart.

82.

Because it's bound for notes.

83.

Because he deals in forgery.

84. Because

84.

Because they feed the grate.

85.

Because he's generally transported.

86.

Because you never see him without a
lyar.

87.

Because it's often turn'd over.

88.

Because it is weekly.

89. Because

89.

Because he's a sup-porter.

90.

Because it is attended with huzzas.

91.

Because he's glad to get off.

92.

Because it is above valley.

93.

Because it is Delf-fini.

94. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 181

94.

Because he has no fellow.

95.

Because he is no more.

96.

Because it is for a-tone-meant.

97.

Because it requires paws.

98.

Because he has variety of cauls.

Q

99 Because

99.

Because it's nothing without cabbage.

100.

Because it makes a man's mouth
water.

101.

Because it is a pitiful house.

102.

Because it makes snuff.

103.

Because it's often batter'd.

104. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 183

104.

Because he has an indenture.

105.

Beau church, to be sure.

106.

Because the beau shews his bag, the
miser hides it.

107.

Because he's egg'd-on.

108.

A stay-maker.

109. Because

184 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

109.

Because he lives on the fat of the
land.

110.

Because there are so many different
airs in it.

111.

Because he lives by his bow.

112.

Because it had a pair-in.

113. Because

A new Tea-Table Miscellany. 185

113.

Because it is compos'd of rags.

114.

The air.

115.

Because they are often presented.

116.

Because she robs you of your heart.

117.

A place.

118. Because

186 *A new Tea-Table Miscellany.*

118.

Because it has a drawing-room.

119.

Because he's bound to read.

F I N I S.

